

CELEBRITIES WEDDED.

FAMOUS MEN WHOSE WIVES ARE EMINENT.

In the Old Days it was Thought That Genius Should Always Consort with Mediocrity, but Nowadays the Reverse is Often the Case.

(Special Correspondence.)
NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—It has been said that Americans are not so ambitious for distinction as for wealth, and possibly it is true, though the statement is usually made as a reproach. Why it should be a reproach is not so clear to the minds of the multitude, as it seems to have been to



HENRY CLEWS.

Agassiz, Thoreau, Emerson and high strung souls like unto them. Possibly it is more vulgar to strive for the potentialities wealth carries than to feed one's vanities with the prayer of the Pharisee—which is ordinarily the mainspring of the hunger for distinction—and possibly it is not. And perhaps even this reflection is the idle philosophy of a man who has achieved neither.

However that may be, America has plenty of distinguished people as well as plutocrats. We have indeed outlived the days of Martin Chuzzlewit, and we are no longer all distinguished; but even now the woods and prairies of the entire land are full of those of us who are distinguished, as every good American knows. And great is our gratification thereat. Let us crow! One curious thing is noteworthy. Even in the days when women—many of them—are as eager in the race as men, it is not common to find a married couple who are both distinguished. The theory of a generation or so ago was that genius, if it should wed at all, should be mated with a commonplace soul; but while the theory is not so strenuously advocated as it used to be, the practice remains the same. Mrs. Pott and Mrs. Leo Hunter still find husbands to suit them, and the Shakespeares, Byrnes and Goethes of the present age discover enough common ground among the common herd of mankind to avoid poaching on the preserves of Olympus.

There are exceptions, though. No reader needs to be reminded of the Brownings, nor yet of Professor Stowe and Harriet Beecher. Henry Ward Beecher, too, had a wife whose fame was large. Perhaps it would have been larger, perhaps not so large, if her husband had not been famous. It matters not which. There are great men and women who find consorts of distinction. George Eliot did.

And even now, among Americans, there are several couples who march hand in hand in the procession of public characters.



MRS. CLEWS.

each reflecting luster upon the other. Possibly it may be worth while to pay some deference to that small section of humanity which calls itself society—whatever that may mean—and to specify as the first of these couples one which literally belongs in the "upper ten."

Mr. Clews is said to be worth ten millions of dollars. I don't know how anybody knows whether it is ten or seven or fifteen, but that is the way he is rated. He also owns and lives in one of the ten best houses in the city. There are just ten of these and he has one. Augustus Schell used to own and occupy it. It is a few doors away from the old Stewart mansion, now a clubhouse. And in this mansion, with the aid of the ten millions, plus or minus, the social talents of husband and wife have full play. He is distinguished in the world of finance and fashion, and she is pre-eminently a leader in certain exalted social circles.

Mr. Clews has made his own way. He was English, and his parents intended to make a curate of him, but he, taking a trip to America, decided to stay here, and found for himself when only a boy a place in Wilson G. Hunt's counting room at \$250 a year. He stayed here, and is one of the best talked of men in Wall street today.

Mrs. Clews is not only a beauty, but is as nearly aristocratic as any American woman can be by descent. She was Miss Lucy Madison Worthington, inheriting her middle name from her great-uncle, President Madison. One of her ancestors, General Lewis, of Virginia, was pronounced by George Washington to be the fittest man in the United States for the position of commander in chief of our army. Her father, Colonel W. H. Worthington, fell while in command of a brigade in Pope's division, fighting for the Union.

She was married to Mr. Clews in 1874, and has three children. Descending (7) from society to the intellectual world, we find it not so easy to pick out an equal match, yet it may be done. Dr. Edward Payson Terhune married Marion Harland. He is a clergyman who stands in a position of eminence and fills it well, physically as well as mentally, his bodily appearance being handsome and imposing. He is the pastor of the Bedford Avenue First Reformed church, and although the field of his renown is perhaps narrower than that of his wife, as a clergyman's circle is narrower than the author's, he is yet a man of no small distinction. She is the author whose writings have

entertained and instructed two generations. Her first novel, "Albion," was published in 1854, and was followed by many others, nearly all of which met considerable success. Later in life she wrote "Common Sense in the Household," of which it is said over 250,000 copies have been sold. Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Thurber are two persons who fill large places in public notice. He is one of the foremost merchants in the United States, the principal owner of a business which is considered to be worth many millions. He bought out his brother, who retired with an enormous fortune. F. B. Thurber, however, enjoys business too much to retire. He is a tall man with a gaunt, but powerful frame and a homely, but very striking and very pleasant face. He is active in all sorts of "movements," and is a working member of scores of committees of the chamber of commerce, the board of trade and transportation and like organizations, and is always named by the mayor whenever a citizens' committee is organized.

Mrs. Thurber is not less conspicuous than her husband, and like him is a person of tremendous energy, untiring in her efforts to accomplish anything upon which she has set her mind. She is prominent in society, where she is a great favorite, not only by reason of her great influence, which might perhaps be attributed to her wealth, but also for her personal characteristics.

Her pet enthusiasm is music, and the whole country is at least somewhat familiar with her successes and failures for half a dozen years in her struggle to establish an American opera. She organized in 1884 the National Opera company, and after elaborate and very costly preparations began in the following year the presentation of grand opera on a scale that has never been surpassed in this country. She engaged good business managers, but insisted with all the positiveness for which she is noted on being the actual head of affairs herself. There could be no real opposition to this, since Mr. F. B. Thurber's checks were relied upon to make good those differences between receipts and expenditures which often embarrass the most meritorious enterprises.

The checks came promptly and with a lamentable regularity for two or three sea-



GEORGE GOULD.

sons, but after they had reached an aggregate (so some of the managers say) of a round half million, Mr. Thurber wearied of the scheme and it was abandoned, at least in that form.

One portion of the plan had proved a handicap, but Mrs. Thurber clung to it. She is fond of the ballet, and to her appreciation a large corps de ballet is an essential part of a successful representation of grand opera. Accordingly a large corps was engaged. It not only proved to be a disproportionate expense, but it offended the tastes of many persons who would otherwise have been good patrons of the company.

All this, however, could not possibly reflect upon the magnitude of Mrs. Thurber's achievement. Neither did her commercial failure discourage her in her aim of establishing an American opera. She maintains a musical school, or "conservatory," in New York city, and last winter performed a remarkable feat, to which the attention of the public will be more directed in a little time than it has yet been. She went to Washington and by personal effort succeeded in having a bill passed by congress for the establishment of a national conservatory of music. President Harrison signed the bill, and an appropriation by the next congress is now in order.

Actresses who have married men of considerable distinction, after having themselves a goodly measure of fame, are not few in number. Edith Kingdon's marriage to George Gould is an oft cited instance, but by no means a good one, since she was not specially noted, and his title to fame rests on his father's money.

A much better illustration is the marriage of John B. Schoeffel and Agnes Booth. Mrs. Schoeffel was not only a famous member of a famous family before she married the well known manager, but was fairly distinguished for her personal beauty and her loveliness of character, in addition to her histrionic talent. There have been few actresses indeed who have in this country reached a higher place than hers.

And she did not stoop to marrying John B. Schoeffel is one of the few theatri-



EDITH KINGDON GOULD.

cal managers against whom no voice is raised in reprobation. Careful, conscientious, kindly in disposition and of unquestioned integrity, he is one of the best liked and most respected men in his business. Just now he is associated with Abbey and Grau in a partnership, and assists in the management of a very large business. It is pleasant to know that he has won wealth as well as popular esteem, and is one of the most successful men connected with the stage.

The list is not a long one, and perhaps may be criticised as not being inclusive of the highest order of genius, but genius, whatever that may be, is not easily found, and it would be too much to expect to find two geniuses in one married couple. History doesn't afford many examples of that. DAVID A. CURTIS.

A TURKISH GIRL'S DEBUT.

There is No Coming Out Party in That Medieval Land (Special Correspondence.)

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 15.—In Turkey there is no such thing known as a coming out party nor any kind of a debut made by a young girl. The seclusion of the lives of the women and the sacredness in which they are held are opposed to it, besides which it is considered somewhat of a disgrace to appear to have a daughter who seeks instead of being sought.

When girls are nine years old they reach their majority, and they are often given in marriage at that age, though the more generally observed rule is to marry at fourteen or fifteen. The girl who is not married at twenty is looked upon as very unfortunate and classed among the old maids.

No man can ever behold the unveiled face of his bride until after the marriage, and he really does not know what she looks like, nor does he ever speak one word to her until she is irrevocably his own.

But the young man generally succeeds in getting as pretty a wife as he could have chosen for himself, and most likely fares better than half our own bridegrooms, for he sets his mother or his nearest female relative to find out for him all he wants to know.

It is not considered proper for any parents who have a daughter to appear to wish to find a husband for her, but there are certain old women who are a business of knowing all the marriageable girls and young men, and to them is due the possibility of arranging the affair. They will see the girls at the bath or in their homes, and then go to the mothers of the young men and go over the list of the girls she knows and give a summary of their beauty, wit and accomplishments. When the young man's mother hears of one whose family, position and dowry as well as personal attractions seem suitable to her son's merits, she signifies that she would like to see the maiden at the bath.

The old woman then visits the young lady's mother, and invites her and her family to the bath, which is equivalent to inviting any one to the matinee. The mother is carefully enjoined to take her whole family. No word is said, but the mother knows that her daughter is to be inspected and judged upon, but all parties utterly ignore the fact. The young man's mother pays the expense of this treat, and is there with all her family—of course, only the female members—and several of her personal friends.

When the invited guests have all arrived there are introductions and compliments, and then disrobing for their steam cooking process, after which they all plunge into the basin and have a general good time. Then slaves bring towels and they all sit around clad in soap-suds and eat lunch, after which they plunge in the basin again, and when weary of sport they come out to have their toilet made for going home.

On such occasions all the young girls who are to be at the bath are dressed in the most exquisite manner as to bathing robe and such garments, which she takes good care to display before and after her bath, but during the interval she has no garment but that which Godiva wore.

If the young man's mother likes the girl she asks permission of the girl's mother to visit her the next day. If she does not, she simply bids her adieu politely and that ends it. It is very mortifying to fail to be approved of and greatly lessens a young girl's chances.

If, however, the visit is to be made, there will be a formal demand for the young lady's hand, which is referred by her mother to the girl's father, and he makes his investigations, though probably less exacting ones, and if the young man is eligible the mothers are at liberty to talk it over to their hearts' content, while the fathers make out the contract. The girl gets a dowry of clothes, jewels, household goods and money, according to the position of the parents. This always remains hers, and in case of her husband's death reverts to her, as also it does in case of divorce, though her husband has virtual control of it during their married life.

The preparations for the wedding are always showy and always reach the utmost limit of the bride's parents' means. An alema comes the day of the ceremony and gravitates between the selamluk where the men are to the door of the harem to ask the usual questions, and when a certain number have been answered the groom is led to the family sitting room in the harem, where the two join hands and exchange rings and are pronounced wedded. Not even then is the bridegroom permitted to see his bride, for all the married women now take possession of her and she has to eat the "leg of mutton" dinner with them, which signifies that now her girl's life of pleasure is ended and she must come down to matter of fact life.

Secretary Proctor at Home.

PROCTOR, Vt., Aug. 4.—Secretary of War Proctor attends to an immense amount of work when he is here at home. There is no lagging about his home, for breakfast is served at 7 o'clock. Then he goes down the red stairs across to his office and sits at a desk for a time. Visitors, office seekers and people with all sorts of petitions follow him even to this little place. There are state politics to discuss and almost every day he goes to Rutland or some of the neighboring villages. In the afternoon and evening he drives over some of the fine roads with Mrs. Proctor or other members of the family. Once in a while he rides horseback accompanied by his daughter or son. Then again it is a long tramp over the hills, but what is best of all and most to his taste is a suit of old clothes and just at nightfall a trip to the pond which he keeps plentifully supplied with trout. Mr. Proctor is an assiduous fisherman.

Mr. Proctor's company took hold of the marble works here at the close of the war, when the place lacked prosperity. Proctor was interested deeply in the success of the business, and so gave up a lovely home in the large town of Rutland to go there. His family lived in a small house standing very near where the present one is, and until eight years ago still occupied it. Then a fire removed the old house, and this new one was built where it stands alone on the hill. The village is quiet, and boasts four pretty churches, including the new Union church. On Sunday the Gov'or (Mr. Proctor) and family climb the hill where it stands and occupy a pew. Not a pew is engaged, and the Gov'or takes his choice every Sunday with the rest of the congregation. A town hall, where a stray "Uncle Tom's Cabin" sometimes entertains the town, occupies another hill, while a handsome free library can be seen from passing trains.

Plenty of horses stand in Mr. Proctor's stable, and are always ready to give guests views of the country or village. Mr. Proctor is a fearless horsewoman, and has been a frequent traveler on all the roads for miles about. K. S. McCI.

Walking Leaves and Twigs.

The walking and climbing leaves of Australia were for over half a century considered the greatest of natural wonders. A party of sailors wandered inland and sat down to rest under a tree. A great wind shook to earth several dead and brown leaves. These presently began to show signs of life and crawl toward the trunk, which they ascended, and attached themselves to their respective twigs.

Hence the sailors, who promptly ran away, said the place was bewitched. But the simple fact turned out to be that the so called "leaves" were really leaf shaped insects, having long, pendulous legs, which could be folded out of sight, and possessing the chameleon like power of varying their color to correspond with that of the foliage they are clinging to. Upon being shaken to the ground, the insects taught them to seek shelter of the friendly leaves again as soon as possible.

These walking leaves are frequently found in the woods of Illinois. The farmers call them "animated twigs," as they exactly resemble a bit of the tree. They are green when the trees are green, but as soon as the foliage changes they become brown. The writer of this was sitting under a tree reading in the woods of southern Illinois when one of these "twigs," as it was supposed to be, dropped on the page. It moved and thus revealed its identity. Its nature seemed to be that of a worm, and its vitality that of the very lowest. It died as soon as removed, and served as a bookmark for many years.—Detroit Free Press.

A Cheeky Man.

The cheekiest man of the season has been found. He entered a local barber shop not far from the city hall and asked if he might wash his face. The tonsorial juggler said, "Of course."

"I'd like a clean towel, if you please," said the stranger suavely. One could have heard a pin drop as the barber acquiesced and handed him a clean towel.

"May I brush my hair?" said the fastidious caller, as he stepped toward a looking glass. The barber left his customer and pinched himself to see if he was really alive.

"I have a good, clear glass here. Now, just a little oil for my hair. There!" said the stranger, as he rolled Corinthian bangs on his marble-white brow.

The barber opened his mouth wider. "Now, just a little wax on my mustache," said the visitor. He suited the action to the word and twisted the ends of his mustache to his satisfaction.

"I am much obliged, sir," said the extra nice stranger, as he adjusted his hat, strolled to the door and disappeared.

A liberal fanning and application of cool water relieved the proprietor, but it was an hour or two before he fully recovered.—Manchester Union.

Antiquity of the Domesticated Horse.

The horse was probably first domesticated on the plains of Central Asia. This must have been at a very remote period, for on the sculptured monuments of ancient Assyria we find highbred, carefully caparisoned steeds given in admirable outline, showing how familiar and how favorite an object the horse must have been to the Assyrians. The mane is long and flowing or curled or in tassels. Three horses abreast drew the chariot in which were three warriors. Saddle horses led by grooms or bearing horsemen are delineated, sometimes in the thick of battle.

The horse was doubtless introduced into Egypt as late as the time of Hyksos, and sculptured representations of it are often conventional types peculiar to later Egyptian art. Instead of the life and energy displayed by the Assyrian horse, there is a rather weak attempt to represent life and energy and the effect produced is mechanical. Probably the horse of the Delta did not compare in beauty or speed with the Assyrian horse. Berjeau says he was more like the Dutch horse of our day.—Caroline K. Sherman in Chicago Herald.

He Got the Seat.

A nice young man got into a tram car a few evenings ago, and saw to his delight the only vacant seat was by the side of a young lady acquaintance. He made for that seat with joyous strides, and her eyes answered him with delighted looks. But just as he got there an elderly party walked up and dropped into the coveted seat. The young man approached more slowly and accosted the young lady.

"How is your brother?" he asked; "is he able to get out?" "Oh, yes," she answered.

"Will he be very badly marked?" he continued, and the old gentleman grew suddenly interested.

"Oh, no!" she said, "with the exception of a few marks on his forehead."

"Were you not afraid of taking it?" the young man continued, while the old gentleman broke out in a cold perspiration.

"Not at all," she replied; "I had been vaccinated, you know."

The seat was vacated instantly, the two innocent young hearts beat as half a dozen, and the prattle of "nice talk" strewed that part of the car, while an old gentleman scowled upon them from the distant corner.—London Tit-Bits.

The Cavalry of the Romans.

Devoted as the Romans were to war, the cavalry was an important part of the army. A great deal of adverse criticism has been passed upon their horsemanship and skill in managing the cavalry. The Prussian hussar officer, Warnering, pronounces Caesar an indifferent cavalry general and ridicules his arrangements where cavalry are concerned. Caesar, however, conquered all the same. His famous horse, credited with having a human fore foot, was equal to the star eyed goddess herself for victory.—Chicago Herald.

There is a hotel in Boston that is frequently mistaken for a church by strangers who pass one of its entrances. At the end of the corridor and visible from the street there is a peculiar feature of the stairway which, from a little distance, resembles the pipes of an organ.

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